Portsmouth Weekly Magazine.

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MISCELLANY.

THE MISER.

The following beautiful allegory is extracted from Mr. Knapp's Oration, delivered before the Merrimac Humane Society in Newburyport, Mass.

"Charity, in walking her rounds of duty, met a rich, but hard hearted man who had, that day, made thousands by a successful speculation; she asked of him a little portion of his great wealth, to assist her in softening the woes of human life; she pointed to an hospital full of maniacs under her care; the ravings of madness & the wailings of despair pierced the air around them, but did not enter his marble bosom. She next directed his attention to a hovel, in which was seated an old man, broken with misfortunes and bowed down with years: he was wringing the cold dews of the night from his matted and silver hair; mark him, says charity, he is an aged patriot, who has thrice saved his country—a Belisarius, driven from his home by a faction, and obliged to beg his bread and wander in exile; look at his tears, how eloquently they plead his cause: the monster despised the patriot's worth. She then shewed him an orphan band, and described with pity's fervor their constant sufferings, and deceased parent's virtues: he listened, but his adamantine breast would not receive his holy influences of charity—but she, in pity to the wretch, was unwilling to leave him, and entreated him to give her something for a life-boat to float on the river which rolled rapidly by them; she mentioned the frequent fate of unhappy travellers plunged in the waves.—At that instant, a youth, full of life and gaiety, was seen in the current, managing with a careless and ignorant hand the skiff which bore him. Charity noticed his danger, and the churl saw and exclaimed, Great God! my only son. The words had scarcely escaped his lips, when the boat dashed against a rock; the youth bore up against his fate awhile, but charity could not relieve him, for she had no means, and he sunk forever. The angel of mercy had spread his wings to bring succor, but Eternal Justice forbade his flight; for the register of Heaven did not contain the record of any good deed of the father, nor was there any prayer, nor any blessing for his welfare, written in the book of life. He wandered wild and insane until Charity, unmindful of her wrongs, led him to her hospital of maniacs, and begged the bread for his support; for strangers had seized on his possessions and aliens devoured his sustenance."

FEMALE HEROISM

The females in our country at the present day (says the Salem Gazette) seldom have an opportunity to display so much cool intrepidity and strength of nerve as were exhibited by the heroine of the following letter, written about 40 years ago by Col. James Perry to Rev. Jordan Dodge, and dated from Nelson Co. Kentucky.

"On the first of April inst. a number of Indians surrounded the house of one John Merrill, which was discovered by the dog. Merrill thereupon stepped to the door to see whether he could discover any thing, and received 3 musket balls which caused him to fall back into the house with a broken leg and arm. The Indians rushed on to the door, but it being instantly fastened by his wife, who, with a girl of about 15 years of age, stood against it, the savages could not immediately enter. They broke one part of the door, and one of them crowded partly through. The heroic mother, in the midst of her screaming children, and groaning husband, seized an axe, and gave the fatal blow to the savage, and he falling headlong into the house, the others supposed they had obtained their end and rushed in after him, until four of them fell in like manner, before they discovered their mistake. The rest retreated, which gave opportunity to secure the door. The conquerors rejoiced in their victory, hoping that they had killed the whole company; but their expectations were soon dashed by finding the door again attacked, which the bold mother endeavored again to secure with the assistance of the young woman; their fears now came upon them like a flood; and they soon heard a noise on the top of the house, and found the Indians were coming down the chimney; all hope of delivery was now at an end; but the wounded man ordered his little child to tumble a couch that was filled with hair on the fire, which made such a smoke that two lusty Indians came tumbling down the chimney; the wounded man exerting every faculty in this critical moment, seized a billet of wood, with which he conquered the smothered Indians; at the same instant the woman aimed a blow at the savage at the door, but not with the same effect as the rest, but which caused him to retreat. They then again secured the door as fast as possible; and rejoiced at their new deliverance, but not without fear of a third attack. They carefully watched with their new family until morning, and were not again disturbed.

We learn by a prisoner that made escape from the Indians, that the wounded savage last mentioned was the only one that escaped at this time. On his return he was asked, 'What news, brother?' 'Plagy bad news,' replied the wounded Indian, 'for the squaws have taken the breech-clout and fight worse than the long knives.' This extraordinary affair happened at Newlandstown, about fifteen miles from Sandy Creek, and may be relied upon as a fact."

JOHN WESLEY'S CHARITY.

Wesley contrived to give away more money in charity out of a small income, than any man perhaps of his time. His mode, as related by himself, was this—when he had thirty pounds a-year, he lived on twenty-eight and gave away forty shillings; the next year receiving sixty pounds, he still lived on twenty-eight, and gave away thirty-two: the the next year he received ninety pounds, and gave away sixty-two: the fourth year he received one hundred and twenty-eight, and gave to the poor ninety-two: and so on to the end of the chapter of this worthy man's benevolence. On a moderate calculation, he gave away in about fifty years, twenty or thirty thousand pounds.

JOHN BUNYAN'S INDICTMENT.

The bill of indictment preferred against John Bunyan ran thus:—"John Bunyan hath devilishly and perniciously abstained from coming to church to hear divine service, and is a common upholder of several unlawful meetings and conventicles, to the disturbance and distraction of the good subjects of this kingdom, contrary to the laws of our sovereign lord and king." He was convicted and imprisoned 12 years and 6 months.

THE MAGAZINE.

Portsmouth, June 16, 1825.

"*What is this dull town to me.*"—Our town at present, presents a deserted and desolate appearance. Some hundreds of our citizens have crowded the stages, coasters, &c. &c. shaping their course for the literary emporium, to be present at the laying of the foundation stone of the Bunker-Hill Monument to-morrow, by the Nation's Guest. A grand military, civil and masonic display is expected to be made. Probably a great number of revolutionary heroes will be present. Among others, we notice one who purposes to attend clad in the coat in which he fought half a century ago, which contains *nine bullet holes.* Such an exhibition is more impressive than the brilliant strain of a finished orator. We hope that the city will be able to contain all the visiters, and that constable Reed will have no cause to seek out pickpockets.

Fourth of July.—We are happy to perceive that arrangements are making to celebrate this approaching anniversary in this town. Dr. Charles A. Cheever has been appointed orator of the day.

Sloop of War Wasp.—We last week published some account of a vessel lost on the coast of Africa "several years ago," the circumstances of which seemed then to render a possibility of its being the Wasp. It now appears that the same relation is given by Capt. Paddock, in his Journal, who was wrecked on that coast about twenty-five years since—more than a dozen years before the loss of the Wasp.—The National Gazette states, that "*in the year* 1799, *the French Frigate L'Insurgente was captured in the West-Indies by Com. Truxton,*—in the same or the following year, the Insurgente was fitted out by the United States Government, and sailed on a cruise in co. with the armed sch. Pickering. These vessels were never heard of afterwards. The story now going the rounds in the newspapers of a vessel of war having been lost on the coast of Africa, and the crew massacred, not applying to the Wasp—having occurred previous to the loss of that vessel—may possibly be connected with the above frigate."

A SULTRY DAY.

"*Welcome, ye shades! ye bowery thickets, hail!*
Ye lofty pines! ye venerable oaks!
Ye ashes wild, resounding o'er the steep!
Delicious is your shelter."

—— Weather-glass at 96 in the shade—the sun pouring down his meridian rays with fiercest vigour—the heated pavement reminding at every step of Day Francis' walking bare-foot on red-hot iron—every pore of the body a flowing fountain, and every article of clothing a retaining receptacle—hot victuals not to be approached—cold victuals unpalatable—the body and mind in a state of lassitude!—Oh the enjoyment of a torrid day, when we can have the music and voluntary services of a corps of unwearied musquetoes, giving us the enviable employment of digging their sprightly stings from our smarting bodies. Oh how enviable, at such a season, would be a situation at the pole!

"What a joy,
Oh what a joy to be a seal and flounder
On an ice island! to have a den
With the white bear, covered in polar snow!
It were a comfort to shake hands with death.
He has a rare cold hand! to wrap one's self
In the gift shirt Deianeira sent,
Dipt in the blood of Nessus, just to keep
The sun off; or toast cheese for Beelzebub,
That were a cool employment to his journey
Along a road whose white intensity
Would now make platina uncongelable
Like quicksilver.
Were it midnight I should walk
Self lanthorned, saturate with Sun beams.—
O gentle Jove! have mercy and once more
Kick that obdurate Phœbus out of heaven!
Give Boreas the wind cholick, till he roars
For Cardamum, and drinks down Peppermint,
Making what's left as precious as Tokay.
Send Mercury to salivate the sky
Till it dissolves in rain. O gentle Jove!
Bot some such little kindness to a wretch
Who feels his marrow spoiling his best coat,
Who swells with *Caloric* as if a Prester
Had leaven'd every limb with poisoned yeast:
Lend me thine eagle just to flap his wings
And fan me, and I will be most grateful."

The public spirited citizens of Newburyport, to the number of 41, signed a notification to call a meeting a few evenings since, to celebrate 4th of July in that town. Of this number *three* only attended—the rest of the meeting was composed of about 60 from 6 to 26 years of age. After an unsuccessful attempt to obtain a Moderator, the meeting was adjourned *sine die.* After noticing their proceedings, the Herald says,

"It would be so expensive and troublesome to celebrate the natal day of our country's freedom—perhaps it is altogether wise to dismiss the intention. To be sure it may be urged, that the day is pre-eminently above all others, that we as Americans should take delight and pride in cheering—but down comes the extinguisher of economy, upon such a feeble rush light argument, and it is well observed that we should be just, before we are generous."

For the Weekly Magazine.

The Vain Man.

Next to the loud-lunged lion or the strong-boned elephant, I verily believe there is not a more puissant animal in nature, than the man who is puffed up with vanity. Decked in all the finery that fancy can create or fashion give birth to, he struts forth the image of any thing but a man of sense. The poor he thinks are beings of another species and not much above the monkey tribe; and as such he views them with ineffible contempt: the rich he salutes, and they on their part pay homage, not to him, but to the fineness of his dress: the most interesting of all is to behold this strange animal meet with a handsome woman: it is here that all his art is called into action, and the pains he takes to render himself ridiculous by giving himself the airs of a French dancing master and the grimaces of a baboon, are most beautifully foolish and sublimely unnatural.

Would any being that bears the stamp of humanity be a fop, if he did but for one moment use that reason which nature gave him, in studying himself? Would he consider the earth too ignoble for his tread, and his fellow beings unworthy of converse, if he understood nature, or would look into the grave? Let him compare himself to the earth, and he dwindles to a point. Let him compare himself to the universe which contains so many millions of globes like our own, and in all probability peopled with beings similar to ourselves, and he dwindles to nothing. With these considerations in view, what pretext could he have for such insufferable pride, and what right would he have to abuse and oppress his fellow atoms? None. T.

WHAT MAKES HOME.

"Dear friend, of late, you seem to shun my door;
To-morrow come, we dine exact at four."—
"Well, Dick, i'll come, altho' your lady's din
Proves you are not at *home*, and yet within."
No paradox is here—plain sense decrees
Man only is at *home*, where he's at *ease*.

VARIETY.

The Times.—Never within our recollection have we seen a time of apparently so general prosperity as the present. Accounts from all parts of the Union, from Louisiana to Maine, from the Atlantic to the Lakes, state the increase of population and of business, and speak of the establishment of extensive manufactories, improvement of machinery, excavation of canals, contemplated railways, the rise of real estate, the ready market and improved price of agricultural produce, the building of elegant ships, steam boats, &c. the demand of labor and of the opening of the Prison doors. We have health and peace throughout the land.—*Bangor Reg.*

Duelling prevented.—At the presentation of militia officers to Lafayette in New-Orleans, a difference respecting grades and precedence occurred, which occasioned chalenges between three several parties of different corps. The General having heared of the circumstance, summoned the officers of the brigade to his quarters, affectionately addressed them all as his children, for half an hour, and had the satisfaction of reconciling all their differences, and seeing the intended combatants embrace as brothers before they separated.—*N. Y. Statesman.*

Singular Fact.—The Warrenton Reporter of the 10th inst. states, that in a cellar of a gentleman of that place, a hen's nest which contained an egg was taken and kept in possession by a cat, "until she brought forth her litter of young *mewers*; in the midst of which the egg remained, until it *hatched* a beautiful and fine *white* chicken, all of which were found nestled together, by some member of the family, who accidentally discovered them."

A Curiosity.—While some workmen were splitting staves in the town of Royalton, in this state, last week, a *live frog* was found in the timber six inches from the outside. The tree was perfectly sound, excepting the space occupied by the frog, which was just wide enough to admit its body. The number of grains between where the frog lay and the bark of the tree, was thirty. The frog appeared lively and evinced considerable joy on its release from confinement, by the free use of his limbs, which had been held so long in "durance vile."—*N. Y. paper.*

The Greeks.—It is stated in the Washington Gazette, "that a gentleman high in rank, in the service of the Greek Government, is now building one or more Frigates in New-York for that government—these ships are to be built without delay, and of the common timber of that state. Rumour says the construction of these ships is to be superintended by an officer high in rank, in our service."

It is said that Sir Walter Scott is coming out with a new romance, entitled *The Lord Rector of Glasgow.*

SHARP SHOOTING.—A Mr. Pease, of Meredith, not long since having purchased a new gun, went into the field opposite to his father's house, placed a mark against a tree considerably out of the range of the house of Mr. Clifford, and discharged it at the mark. The ball having glanced from some tree or other object, went directly to the house of Mr. Clifford, a distance of 70 or 80 rods; cut the sash of the window, broke the comb in Mrs. Clifford's hair, who was reading a book by the fire, into three pieces, sunk half its thickness into the ceiling, and fell down in sullen silence upon the floor, well satisfied with its peregrination; when Mrs. C. took it up and carefully preserved it for its owner.—*Sanbornton Gazette.*

There are now about *one hundred and twenty five thousand* children in the Sunday Schools in the United States.

A smart boy, about 16 years of age, who has been twice under tuition in the Institution for the deaf and dumb in New York, was convicted last week in that city of stealing a watch. At the trial he was examined by the Principal of the Asylum and an Assistant and conversed with great fluency by signs; but it was afterwards discovered that he had never been deaf or dumb!!

The following remarkable instance of continued immersion is related on the authority of Dr. Robertson, late Surgeon of the Navy Hospital at Barbadoes:—A gentleman in this island, a great votary of Bacchus, was in the practice, from fifteen to twenty years, of plunging into cold water when he rose from his bottle, and of actually going to sleep in a trough full of water, with his head supported on a kind of wooden pillow made for the purpose, above the surface. In this water-bed he would sleep one, two, three, or even more hours, experiencing always the greatest refreshment. His wife and family, when they wished to change his quarters, used to draw out the plug and let the water run off; when he would awake and humourously complain of the loss of his bed clothes.—*Liverpool Mercury.*

Decisive Evidence.—A witness being called to give his testimony in Court in the State of New-York, respecting the loss of a shirt, gave the following:—"Mother *said* that Nell *said* Poll *told* her, that she *see* a man that *see* a boy run through the street with a streaked flannel shirt, all checker, checker, and our *gals* wont *lie*, for mother has whipped them a thousand times for *lying!!!*"

An idler's like a watch that wants both hands;
As useless when it goes as when it stands.

OLD COMPANIONS.—A countryman went into Boston market with a pair of geese to sell, for which he asked four shillings, but refused to sell either of them separately for less than three shillings apiece. A gentleman who wanted but one, purchased the pair, rather than pay the extra price, and then inquired of the seller, why he was so unwilling to sell one alone.—'Why,' said he, 'they have been my constant companions for FIVE AND TWENTY YEARS, and I could not think of parting them now, without being well paid for it.'

LUDICROUS OCCURRENCE.—A gentleman at Littleton has in his possession a fine Irish cow, which, without viciousness or malice, frequently amuses herself and the neighborhood by playing off extraordinary antics, as if from the pure love of fun. On Monday last, she walked up to an old woman, of the name of Gregory, and without any appearance of anger, deliberately and gently tossed the old lady into a dirty ditch, and then humanely followed her, lifted her out to the grass and after rolling her over and over, appeared to be preparing to place her again into the ditch, when some of the neighbors came to her assistance and relieved her from her unpleasant situation, without any injury, but only "terribly frightened at the time," as she expressed herself.—*Reading (Penn.) Mercury.*

During the last Assizes at Lewis, a gentleman asked Mr. Sergeant Onslow what was meant by an *Alibi?* "It's *a lie by* which many a rogue escapes hanging," replied the witty Sergeant.

Earthquake.—Several shocks of an earthquake were felt in Hallowell, Augusta, and Waterville, Me. on the night of the 6th inst.

MARRIED,

In Exeter, Mr. O E. Adams of Dover, to Miss Selina Burleigh of the former place.

DIED,

In Gilsum, N. H. widow Louis Gibbs, formerly of Framingham, Mass. aged 87. Her children and grand children 100, great grand children 120.

In Boston, Mr. Josiah Davis, of this town, aged 52.

In South-Berwick, Me. widow Elizabeth Gookin, aged 68, formerly of this town.

At sea, drowned, Mr. Samuel Clark, aged 20, brother of Capt. Joshua C. of this town.

In this town, Mrs. Sarah Briard, widow of the late Capt. Samuel Briard, aged 62 years.

Mr. Stephen H. Walker aged 42.

POETRY.

EFFUSION,

From the pen of Mrs. Muzzey of New-York.

Take back, take back thy rosy wreath
And bind it on some gayer brow;
The anxious eye that droops beneath
Would make it seem but mock'ry now.
Take back the roses, gay and fair,
The chaplet is not meet for me;
The pallid cheek, so bleached with care
A sad, sad contrast offers thee.

Take back thy gift—some lighter heart
May prize my wreath of blooming flowers;
To me they but a pang impart,
Recalling earlier, happier hours!
Take back thy dewy gems again:
While o'er my brows I see them wave,
It seems like decking victims slain,
Like twining garlands o'er a grave.

TRUE PITY.

A beggar, crippled, starved and blind,
Rehears'd his doleful story
To half a score of auditors,
Who all look'd vastly sorry.

Some pitied much—some very much—
Some very much indeed!
But not one cent did they bestow
To help the man of need.

At length a Frenchman forward stepp'd,
In pity half, half choler,
And emptying his purse—"By gare
I pity you *two dollar!*"

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MAXIMS OF DEAN SWIFT.

Amusement is the employment of those who cannot think.

Superstition is the spleen of the soul.

An idle reason lessens the weight of the good ones.

Every man hath just as much vanity as he wants understanding.

I have known men of great valor, cowards to their wives.

The reason why so few marriages are happy, is because young ladies spend their time in making nets—not in making cages.

Love of flattery in most men proceeds from the mean opinion men have of themselves, in women from the contrary.

DR. JOHNSON was in company with a very talkative lady, of whom he appeared to take little notice. She, in pique, said to him—"Why, doctor, I believe you are not very fond of the company of the ladies." "You are mistaken, madam," replied he, "I like their vivacity, and I like their SILENCE."

THE FIRST OATH.

'My lads,' said a captain, when reading his orders to the crew on the quarte-deck, to take the command of the ship, 'there is one law that I am determined to make, and I shall insist on its being kept; indeed, it is a favor which I ask of you, and which, as a British officer, I expect will be granted by a crew of British seamen.—What say you, my lads, are you willing to grant your new captain one favor?' 'Aye, aye, sir,' cried all hands. 'Let's know what it is, sir.'—'Why, my lads,' said the captain, 'it is this—that you must allow me to swear the first oath in this ship. No man on board must swear an oath before I do: I am determined to have the privilege of swearing the first oath on board. What say you my lads, will you grant me the favor? Remember, you will come aft to ask favors of me soon: come, what do you say, am I to have the privilege?'

The men stared, and stood for a moment quite at a loss what to say. 'They were taken,' says one, 'ALL ABACK.'—'They were brought up,' says another, 'ALL STANDING.' The captain reiterated, 'Now my fine fellows, what do you say; am I to have the privilege from this time, of swearing the first oath on board?' The appeal seemed so reasonable, and the manner of the captain so kind and prepossessing, that a general burst from the ship's company announced, 'Aye, aye, sir,' with their accustomed three cheers. The effect was good; swearing was wholly abolished in the ship.

Mariner's Magazine.

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BUNKER'S HILL.—Dugald Graham was a kind of Scotch Æsop; he had a large hump on one of his shoulders, and like his prototype, had wit. Calling in the street of Gallowgate, opposite the Saracen's Head Inn, where several officers of the gallant 42d regiment were dining, at the close of American war, some of whom knew Dugald before they went abroad, opening the window, called out, 'what's that you've got on your back, Dugald?' Knowing what the regiment suffered at Bunker's Hill, Dugald replied, 'It's BUNKER'S HILL, do you choose to mount?.'

PLEASURE.

Pleasure, says Dr. Johnson, is seldom *found* where it is *sought*. Our brightest blazes of gladness are commonly kindled by unexpected sparks. The flowers which scatter their odours from time to time, in the paths of life, grow up, without culture, from seeds scattered by chance.

LAW.—Law is Law, law is law, and as in such and so forth, and hereby, and afore-said, provided always, nevertheless, notwithstanding.—Law is like a country dance; people are led up and down in it till they are tired. Law is like a book of surgery; there are a great many terrible cases in it. It is also like physic, they that take least of it, are best off. Law is like a homely gentlewoman: very well to follow. Law is like a scolding wife: is very bad when it follows us. Law is like a new fashion: people are bewitched to get into it.—it is also like bad weather, most people are glad when they get out of it.

There are two gentlemen at the Irish Bar, named Hope and Joy; it happened that both these gentlemen were retained in one cause, which being called on out of turn, and when Mr. Hope got up, and with his usual suavity of manner, requested as Mr. Joy was detained in the other court, his lordship would allow the cause to stand over till the next day. The Judge, with great good humor, immediately replied, "as—

'*Hope* told a flattering tale,
That *Joy* would soon return'

he would let the cause stand over."

WRAPPING-PAPER.

A *FEW* reams Wrapping-Paper, fine quality, 92 cents per ream, for sale by
June 16. T. H. MILLER.

T. H. MILLER

Has just received,

A New and beautiful pocket edition of Watts' & Select Hymns, price 1 dollar;
Village Hymns, by Asahel Nettleton, price 50 cts.;
Zion's Harp, 31 cents;
Lee's Revival Sermons, 1,50
Erskine on Faith, 50 cts.
Gardiner Spring's Essay, 75 cts.
Dr. Griffin's new Sermon, 25 cts.
George Wilson, 38
Jane & Her Teacher, 31
Marten & His Scholars, 25
Potter's Common, 2
Jacob Newman, 6
Token for Children, 25
Scott's Letters & Papers, 1,00
Missionary Gazetteer, 1,50
Robinson Crusoe,—Blackbird's Nest—Rational Sports—Canine Biography—The Cherry Orchard—White Pony—8 cents each.